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tion.

nation.

ion with you-as you were in the old

"I prefer not to discuss follies of the

"As you please," he said with resig-

"I have already done so, last night."

"Done so! Examine my patient

"Pardon me, my patient. I must say

"What nonsense! She was first un-

"Even so, you were not justified in

making an examination without my

presence," she said, her eyes flashing

"Ha, ha! Well, upon my word, you're

"Dr. Lancewood, I must insist

"My calling you doctor," he said,

"I should be warranted in giving up

"Oh, pray don't! for you're conduct-

Helen was still more indignant at

"I did not ask for your opinion, Dr.

"Then what are we consulting for,

"Not for my satisfaction, I assure

"But it is for mine, Helen-er-Dr.

"What have you to suggest about-"

"Well, Dr. Glade, to speak bluntly

"Oh! Oh, indeed!" cried Helen, faint-

"That you had discovered, I pre

"Eh? You don't mean to say you

ource and cause of her prostration?"

"Her lungs are tainted with-"

'Quite masculine," sarcastically.

"I thank the fates our affair never

"Enough of that," he said, complete

"I AM SURPRISED, HELER."

"But I understood you to relinquish

"I do, I do," mechanically putting on

"Thanks. I believe I can satisfac-

"To the undertaker," he said sneer-

"No, to the church," she retorted

"No, to the chancel," a whimsical

"Eh, chancel? What do you mean?"

"That concerns my patient," disdain-

"Tell him we disagree," she replied,

fully. "But I shall have to make some re-

undisguisedly enjoying his dilemma.

"Now, Helen, why will you not be reasonable; fou are concenning

thing from me. In spite of your per-

She could have melted then, but, with

"Let us stick to the patient, please."

"No, confound the patient! I've given

"Yes, I will. Now, do be seated. I'm

anxious to know what you have discov-

versity, I-I love you.'

an effort, calmly said:

He paused with his hand on the door

"The churchyard," sarcastically.

smile playing about her lips.

ingly, pacing the room, as he struggled

his gloves. "I leave it to you."

the case."

torily conduct it."

with his gloves.

smiling.

knob.

"Bah! I'll throw up the case!"

"Fudge! Not the slightest."

ownright egotism is-"

got beyond a-a-flirtation."

"So do I; a mere flirtation."

"Thank you."

consider the patient."

"Oh, yes, I have," with an air of tri-

there are symptoms of tuberculosis."

Glade, for I never enjoyed a consulta-

your observations to our patient."

tion more, I assure you-'

concession, but 'twill serve."

"No, I can't say I had."

"I do. decidedly."

disagree with my conclusion?"

"Have you examined her?"

"Yes. More than once."

Passmore's illness?"

ly ironical.

sume."

this patronizing compliment and said,

ing the case very well, very well in-

I never heard of such a breach of pro-

without my being present!" exclaimed

Excuse me, my patient.

fessional etiquette!"

"But you gave her up."

as imperious as ever, Helen-"

"Only temporarily."

the case after that."

deed."

with hauteur:

Lancewood."

us confine ourselves to the consulta-

"Will you examine the patient?"

days," he replied with some fervor.

CHAPTER I -CONTINUED. The lovers were so completely sur-

prised and embarrassed, they stood peechless for some moments, then the girl said:

"How strange it seems, Walter, to hear you called Dector Plyne." "Yes. I-I am hardly used to it myself, yet.'

Then he lapsed into silence again, and she caught him furtively examining her features, as she was trying to Helen, astonished. scan his. "I am so glad, Wal-Dr. Plyne-you

have got your degree," she observed at length. "Oh, thank you, Connie. I thought "What non-you would be, that is why I sent you der my care."

word." "Sent me word? I only learned of it

yesterday, from Dr. Glade." "Didn't you receive the notice I sent

you from Kings?" 'No. I received nothing." "That is queer. It must have been lost in the mails," he said, gravely.

"What a pity, for I should have been awfully glad to hear of your success." Walter reflected a moment (he knew Uncle Roger had destroyed it) and with playful raillery. then remarked, as if to change the sub-

"You have been ill, Connie?" "Who told you?"

He smiled faintly as he replied: "My medical training must have been remiss, if I could not discover that without a stethoscope."

"Do I look-er-so faded, Walter?" "Oh no, not exactly faded; but something like a budding rose deprived of the sun's rays," a simile nearer the truth than he thought.

his eyes. When Dr. Glade presently joined them, they were conversing without you." the slightest embarrassment. That



"I'M SO GLAD YOU HAVE GOT YOUR DE-GREE," SHE SAID.

afternoon, as they were returning from their drive, the doctor said to her "Well, my dear, how do you like my

new treatment?" "Oh, Dr. Glade, did you know that

Walter was here?" "Possibly I did; what then?"

"Then you are a perfect dear of a physician. I could hug you for it!" exclaimed Connie rapturously.

"Not here in the carriage, dear. I know how you feel; for, as a Yankee friend of mine would say: 'I've been thar' myself.' Au revoir until tomorrow.

CHAPTER II.-THE DOCTORS DISAGREE, AND THEN-

When Dr. Lancewood assented to a consultation with Dr. Glade, he little knew what a trial was in store for him. Some years before he was a man of thirty; a clever, easy-going, prosperous London medical coach; he fell seriously in love with one of his pupils, a charming, ambitious girl about twenty. But through her jealousy of another young lady pupil they quarreled, and she had refused him. Afterwards Dr. Lancewood bought a good practice in Hampshire, where he had settled, and often felt the need of a helpmate, for bachelor doctors are not favored by prudish old maids or anxious mammas with growing daughters.

Aunt Ruth led Dr. Helen Glade to the library when she called the next day, and introduced her to Dr. Lancewood. Instantly there was a mutual recognition between the ex-coach and former pupil, but neither of them orally acknowledged the fact, until Aunt Ruth closed the door and left them, when Dr. Lancewood asked, with ill-concealed amusement:

"Did I understand Miss Passmore to say Dr. Glade?"

'You did, Dr. Lancewood," replied Helen, with chilling politeness. "Really, I-I am surprised, Helen-Miss Glade-that is, Dr. Glade."

"Why are you surprised?" . "I did not expect this-I-" He continued to look at her with an incredulous smile, mingled with admiration for her beauty, her self-possession and her professional style, which she assumed with elegance, it seemed to

"Did you not understand you were to consult with a lady?"

"Yes, yes; but I expected an older one than you are, Helen." There was a tenderness in the way he pronounced up the patient. Now sit down, Helen, her name that touched her, but she and I'll listen to your opinion with all smothered it, and frigidly broke in the respect I'd give to-

"Pardon me, I must ask you not to use my Christian name." "Oh, very well," he answered, red-

dening, "but I once had the privilege -"Which you forfeited-and therefore it is indelicate to assume it now." "I never forfeited it, nor shall I ever

"And you will listen to it without prejudice?" she asked, mechanically taking a seat on the opposite side of the table relinquish it-in my own self-commun-"Certainly I will."

ered about Miss Passmore!"

"Will you, indeed?" archly.

"Very well then, since you concede London Pictures you my diagnosis."

Thereupon Helen related Connie's love story, and dwelt upon how she had improved since meeting Walter Plyne. When she had finished Dr. Lancewood

"Well, I declare! I should never have looked at her case in that light." "Of course not. Men have such leathern hearts they rarely think of the female organ being so much more fragile and sensitive." "Then you believe her lungs are

sound?" "Quite sound yet, but I admit they are delicate."

"There can be no doubt of that," he said, musingly, playing with the paper knife. "Her mother, you perhaps know, died of consumption."

"Yes-so her aunt told me. But the girl has no will power; she has been petted and pampered from the cradle; every trivial disappointment she meets with she takes to heart. If she is allowed to mope and repine, as she has done for the last three months, and further weaken an already delicate constitution, we may expect an attack on her weakest organs, the lungs."

"Admirably reasoned! I quite agree with you."

past," she said with indifference. "Let Helen was flattered. In spite of an effort at cool indifference, her cheeks glowed with pleasure at this spontaneous acknowledgment. Still, she tried to deprecate his compliment by saving:

"That is only a feminine practition er's view." "Nevetheless, rational. Now what

do you propose doing-what do you advise? He saw the advantage he had gained and astutely followed it up with defer-

ential acquiesence. "Well," said Helen, with that grati-fication which every woman feels when the man she loves appeals to her judgment, "we should advise Maj. Passmore to withdraw his opposition to her lover. If he doesn't, we cannot be re-

sponsible for the consequences." "That is right," he assented. "There really was no need of a consultation you had mastered the case so com-pletely. I must confess I should never have sought for the trouble in that direction.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VETERAN OF THE PLAINS.

Oscar Sacks, of New York City, Tells Number of Incidents Concerning an Esteemed Scrantonian's Former Prowess in the Far West.

One evening this week a gentleman slight in stature of about 55 years of age stopped over in this city to see one Dr. Glade?" with humorous twinkle in of his old acquaintances in the person of our well known townsman, Dr. Henry N. Dunnell. It seems they have known each other for over forty years. The visitor's name is Oscar Sacks, who at present is living in New York city, but who was formerly in the far west "Will you oblige me by confining Thirty-five to forty years ago he fig-ured in a thrilling affair on the plains, see, it taks a man wi' a guid head "Our patient is good; it's a slight in which by his bravery he saved the be a golfer." lives of his entire party. He was crossing the plains with several companions, "Our patient?" he broke in, faceredskins. It was only by breaking "As you choose-about Miss Connie. through the lines of the surrounding

> Our townsman, Dr. H. N. Dunnell, that in the west the doctor was known only as "Handsome Harry." In those days the doctor had long curly hair, was about 5 feet 10 inches tall, was red and rosy with vigorous health and had a skin as fair as a woman's.

One Spirited Adventure, "And yet you have not hit upon the One bystander seemed to think the western men had poor taste in giving the doctor such a name. He evidently did not think the doctor's nose handsome, as it was turned a little to one "Well," Mr. Sacks said, "that "Well, upon my word! Such-such came from an accident afterwards. I suppose Harry never said anything about it. I came in near the wind up and remember something about it. Like almost everything that happensthere's a woman in the case. In this in stance a degenerated tough-a little under the influence, perhaps, of bug juice -insulted a woman. In a moment he was making an apology, as he was lookly baifled by her indifference. "Let us ng along the barrel of 'Handsome Harry's' gun. Some few weeks later he and two pals laid to 'do' Harry. They got fooled, of course, but in the encounter Harry got a blow with the butt of a gun on the face, which occasioned the small permanent disfig-

urement of his nose.' Mr. Sacks is acquainted with Captain I. Garza, who is at present visiting Scranton. The other evening he took the doctor around to the Westminster and introduced him to the captain. They seemed to enjoy themselves very much, and when they parted, the captain and Mr. Sacks had made a deal. Mr. Sack's agreed to give one elk's

tooth for six buffalo's teeth. If half what Mr. Sacks says about our townsman is true-and he isn't a man to draw the long bow-a history of his life would read like a romance The doctor has a very large number of friends in Scranton. Rich and poor alike admire the man for his qualities of head and heart.

UNCLE WILLIAM'S PICTURE.

Uncle William, last July, Had his picture took,
"Have it done, of course," says I,
"Jes the way you look!"
(All dressed up, he was, for the Barbecue and jubilee The Old Settlers helt.) So he-Last he had it took.

Lide she coaxed and begged and plead Sence her mother went; But he'd cough and shake his head. At all argyment; Mebby clear his throat and say, "What's my likeness mount to, hey," Now, with mother gone away

From us, like she went?" But we'd projick'd round, tell we Got it figgered down How we'd git him, Lide and me, Drivin' into town; Bragged how well he looked, and fleshed around the face, and freshed With the morning air, and breshed His cont collar down

All so providential! Why, Now he's dead and gone, Picture 'pears so lifelike I Want to start him on Them old tales he ust to tell And old talks, so sociable, And old songs he sung so well 'Fore his voice was gone!

Face is sad to Lide, and they's Sorrow in his eyes— Kisses it sometimes, and lays It away and cries: smooth down her hair, and 'low He is happy, anyhow, Bein' there with mother now-Smile and wipe my eyes. -James Whiteomb Rfley.

Interesting Resume of the Important Events of the Week.

A LORD ENGAGES IN BUSINESS Gossip Concerning the Prince and Prince

cess of Wales-Reminiscences of the Late John Walter, of the London Times-Gladstone's New Work.

London, Nov. 10, '94.-The most serious event of the week has been the death of the chief proprietor of the Times newspaper, John Walter. Strangely enough he was not a literary man, but inclined to politics. He was educated at Oxford and after one unsuccessful attempt he was returned a member of parliament for Nottingham. He afterward sat for his native county Berkshire, which he represented for a quarter of a century. He was not the sole proprietor by a long way, but he shares. His income must have varied considerably, as in 1888 f120,000 was paid to the proprietor, whilst in 1889, thanks to the "Parnell Commission," f12,000 was all that was handed over He never interfered with the working of the paper, but he paid £60,000 out of action brought against the Times. He was the beau ideal of a country gentleman and his estate, Bearwood, was a beautiful one. A kind and just man to warm friend, he will be much missed.

Ireland considers that it pays an unjust proportion toward the total taxa-Englishmen are much divided in opinion, consequently a royal commission is sitting on the question. The arguments advanced clash terribly as a matter of course and after reading reports of proceedings up to now the average man is left in considerable doubt. Mr. Sexton, the Irish M. P., has been endeavoring to prove that a system of equal taxes upon the same subfects of taxation, in two countries differently circumstanced, may operate unequally. He pointed out that whilst the consumption of spirits was only four times greater in England than in Ireland the population was between six and seven times greater. Therefore Ireland paid too much tax on brandy and things-another injustice to Ireland. "Right you are," admitted Lord Welby, "but what about beer? England consumes a much greater quantity of ale than Ireland even in proportion. "True for you," says Sexton, and so ! goes on. "What will you take, Paddy? "Three of Oirish hot, plaze." what's for you, Johnny Bull?" "Pinter-beer, with a good head on't!"

Mr. Asquith with his wife have been staying in Scotland, where they have been playing golf. This is the head "caddies" opinion of our home secretary-after which he had better smother himself: "He may be a gle guid see, it taks a man wi' a guid head tae

Great old man Gladstone has at last when the party was surrounded by brought out his much sought after and long looked for translation of "Horace." Taken as a whole Mr. Gladstone's book Clark and Sir Stephen de Vere, and is a friend call him Harry. Mr. Sacks says of Mr. Gladstone's book comes a collection of parodies, cleverly written by a title, Mr. Gladstone renders the well known "Pericos Odi" thus:

Off with Persian gear, I hate it, Hate the wreaths with limebark bound are not where the latest roses Linger on the ground. ring me myrtle, naught but myrtle! Myrtle, boy, will well combine

hee attending, me carousing, 'Neath the trellised vine." Mr. Graves parodies it in the following manner:

Oriental flowers my Cyril, (Save of language), I detest: Cull for me no costly orchid To adorn my blameless breast Nor essay to deck my raiment With the blushing English rose, For its brutal Saxon odour Aggravates my Scottish nose! Me as minister the fragrance Of the leek doth most arride

With the shamrock and the thistles In a purple posy tied: So beneath my grand umbrella Firmly fixed on college green; Let us deviate from duty In a deluge of poteen!"

When it is pointed out that the orchid refers to Joey Chamberlain, the leek, shamrock and thistle to Wales, Ireland and Scotland and college green to Dublin the cleverness of the Imprudent writer will easily be understood.

The prince and princess of Wales are at Livada, and the princess will, in all probability, stay the winter with her widowed sister, the Empress of Russia. The sympathy is great between these two, in fact family ties take precedence in all matters as far as the womanly future Queen of England is concerned. The prince and his consort have not been the best of friends lately, the princess having for some time past evinced a lack of sympathy for His Royal Highness, but the princess possesses such a naturally sweet disposition that the sad event that has taken them away together and the knowledge of the protracted separation is more than likely to lead to a mutual "making. up"-we all hope so.

It is nothing new to find aristocracy It is nothing new to find aristocracy in trade, some are coal owners and others iron welders, one duke is a large cab proprietor, but it is seldom that a seal live love cares to brazen it out bereal live lord cares to brazen it out before society. But Lord Montmorres cares not and on the tablets of a door In Norfolk street can be seen on a brass plate "Lord Montmorres, Advertising Agent." He is just about to start a paper with Lady Colin Campbell, which will bear the name of "The Realm." His family dates back to 1631. This is coming on with a vengance and the young lord's pluck is to be commended.

By the almost sudden death of Eugene Oudin, London and elsewhere loses a shining light in the musical world. He was stricken with paralysis in the artists room at Queen's hall at the close of a "Richter" concert. He was an American citizen and practised in the states as a barrister. He was a fine looking man, possessed of a most beautiful flexible baritone voice. He was married seven years ago to an American lady, who, previously to her marriage, was well known on the operatic stage, and great sympathy is felt for the bereaved woman and her three little children.

There has been more fun over the Empire music hall license. The Empire opened its doors last Satur-

day with a portion of the promenade securely boarded off and canvassed over, and the bars also partitioned off. by Richard Willis However, a number of gay young men proceeded first to fill themselves with whisky and then they "went for" the improvements, one party attacking one side and another the opposite side. One lot pushed and the other pulled and crash went the partitions; the wood was then splintered and the attackers carried the debris away as trophies and threw pieces to various parts of the house. The attendants were quite powerless, and George Edwards tried to protest, but the gilded youths drowned his voice with cheers, and having demolished the offending opposition, they sat down to enjoy the ballet and join in the choruses of the comic songs. The Empire management brought their case before the law courts to endeavor to persuade their wigships to reverse the decision of the county council, but after two days argument it was thrown out.

The time honored lord mayor's show has again come and gone. This year it was shorn of much of its glit and splendor and there was evidently a desire to avoid expense. This "show" stops all business in the city for the day at an early hour. The streets are was the owner 1-16 and a half a 1-16 cleared of all vehicular traffic, the pavements and roadways become a surging mass of people and many watches and chains change owners. The procession is composed of various bands, soldiers, sailors and volunteers, a few cars emblematic of various trades and the alderman's carriages his pocket in connection with the libel the last carriage being heavily gilt and containing the lord mayor and his lady The fun of the whole thing is the crowds, and before the procession comes along hot pennies are thrown his employes, a good neighbor and a into the crowd from the spectators that crowd the many windows, and the rush for the heated money is distinctly diverting. A banquet is held at the Guild hall and the "leavings" are distributed among the poor.

Beerbohm Tree has brought out a new play by Haddon Chambers, by name "John-a-Dreams," at the Haymarket. Great things were expected from the writer of so many powerful plays, and his latest effort, though at times brilliant, scarcely realizes the expectations. The plot is simple. Two men of opposite character have been great friends. The one is the strong man of the world, the other is a poet who has fallen into the habit of seeking inspiration from opium; they both fall in love with the same woman; the lady prefers the oplum smoker, the friends part and the weaker man is subjected to various trials at the hands of his

is going on around he is invariably as certain agents, when a positive remedy cool as a cucumber; in fact, when the stop the most excruciating pain quicket. explosion occurred and the glass from Indians that he brought help which is worthy of comparison with those of the windows rattled over the carpet, saved the camp. He was a young man his predecessors, Sir Theodore Martin, Mr. Hawkins rang the bell for his serthen, but afterwards had many a brush Professor Coningham, Rutherford vant. "Gas explosion somewhere-run out and see where it is," is all he said. work that is receiving great and well Hawkins has had the courage to sencame here twenty years ago from the deserved congratulation. This is an tence several anarchists to long pewest. It seems strange to hear his age of "cheek," and close on the heels riods of confinement, and is very severe on their kind, and it is easy to guess that the bomb gentleman's kind C. L. Graves. The booklet is called intention was to give 'Awkins a good "The Hawarden Horace," a very smart blowing up. The attempt was made at the wrong house, but it has not in any way disconcerted the justice, who went for his ride in the park as usual early the following morning. The perpetrator has not yet been found.

Visiting London are the Swazi envoys. The deputation consists of five native chiefs and Prince Mongganga (this latter must be carefully pronounced, it is African and not Welsh; you can tell it is not the latter because it does not possess a "w" and three "y's!" The leader is a man of great stature and a noted Swazi warrior in the Zulu war. The Baroness Burdett-Couts and her husband (they are spoken of in this way) entertained them at dinner at their town house. The leader made a speech in his native tongue with simple but impressive earnestness of manner. Everybody said it was a fine effort-only they did not understand it! But the interpreter spoilt it all by an explanation. The Swazis saw the lord mayor's show and now think that we are a "pushing" people. Goodness only know what they would think of a New York company answering the lunch bell on the trial trip of a new steamboat!

The National Vigilance association are relieved. Broadicea's bare bones have not been discovered by a male man thing in the Hampstead tumulus. It were better to have left our cherished legend than to have scattered it to the winds in this manner. The National Vigilance association are now greatly exercised in their minds over another matter, and it is said that if the Emperor of China takes any more clothes or feathers or such of Li Hung Chang they will institute an inquiry into the business. Richard Willis.

CHAIRLEY BURKE'S IN TOWN.

It's Chairley Burke's in town, b'ys! down til "Jamesy's Place." Wid a bran' new shave upon 'um an' the fhwhuskers aff his face;

It's treatin' iv'ry b'y, he is, an' poundin' on the bar Till iv'ry man he's drinkin' wid must schmoke a foine cigar; An' Misses Murphy's little Kate, that's comin' there for beer, Can't pay wan cint the bucketful, the whilst that Chairley's here!

He' joompin oor the tops o' sthools, the both furninst an' back! He'll have yez pick the blessed flure, an' walk the straightest crack! He's liftin' barrels wid his teeth, and singin' "Garryowen," Till all the house be strikin' hands, sence Chairley, Burke's in town.

The road yard-hands comes dhroppin an' niver go'n back: An' there's two freights upon the switchthe wan on aither track-An' Mr. Geary, from the shops, he's mad enough to swear, An' durstin't spake a word but grin, the whilst that Chairley's there

O! It's Chairley! Chairley! Chairley

Burke! ye divil, wid yer ways
O' dhrivin' all the throubles aff the dark an' gloomy days! Ohone! that it's meself, wid all the griefs I have to drown, Must lave me pick to resht a bit, sence Chairley Burke's in town.

-James Whitcomb Riley.

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to various trials at the hands of his now crafty rival. Eventually the bold, bad man is finally rejected, the poet forsakes his opium and all ends happily. Tree, as the "opiumised" poet, has a difficult task and fully grasps the character. Cartwright always acts the villian with force and power, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell makes the most of the rather priggish part of Kate Cloud. The piece was very well received and will be "over your side" ere long.

Another bomb, but this time happily it caused but little damage. The outrage occurred at the house of a Mr. Brett, M. P., and a most harmless individual. But the reason is not far to seek. Next door lives Mr. Justice Hawkins. Now Hawkins doesn't care a rap for any man breathing and whatever is going on around he is invariably as

without entailing the least difficulty in either infant or adult.

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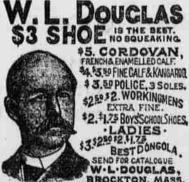
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